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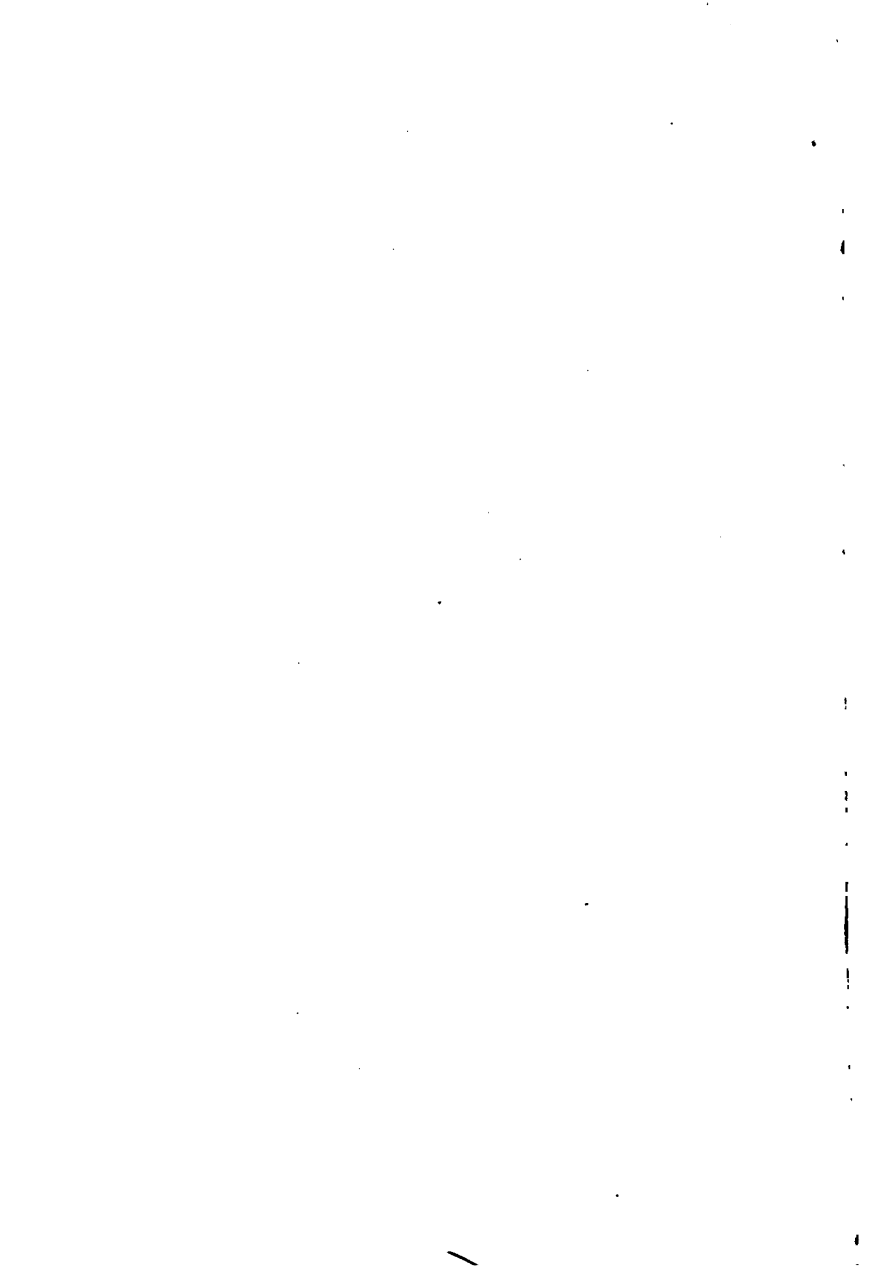
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ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

MARY CATE SMITH

AND

SARAH C. WINN



*"I'd put a girdle round about the Earth in forty
minutes." — SHAKESPEARE*

BOSTON

CHARLES H. KILBORN, PUBLISHER

3 TREMONT PLACE

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1889,
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73094



INTRODUCTORY.

The design of this little book is to advance, in some degree, that more real and interesting study of geography, now rapidly gaining favor everywhere.

No longer satisfied with the brief definitions of the school geography, the teacher culls from illustrated books of travel, brilliant narratives of discovery, descriptive poetry, and many other sources, such selections as will attract the young pupil and inspire a more intelligent interest in the study of Nature.

The words of some "nonsense rhyme," caught on the playground, are remembered long after much studied definitions are forgotten. This natural love of rhythm is a strong argument (if any were needed) in favor of the larger use of poetry in the schoolroom,—both because of its refining influence and as a practical aid in acquiring and retaining valuable information.

When seen through the poet's eyes, the familiar surroundings of every-day life reveal hidden beauties, and, in imagination, the scenes, the customs, and the wonders of distant lands are brought near.

Thus supplemented by passages of descriptive poetry, the meagre statements of the text-book may be enforced at every point; and the geography recitation will no longer be a mere exercise in which pupils

"Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of dew
Upon a gossamer thread."

The selections are arranged in the natural order of the study, and pupils should be required to *learn* them as the various topics are studied.

PART I. Physical Features.

So far as possible, the simplest poetry has been introduced for this elementary study.

**PART II. Relating to Special Countries, Mountains,
Rivers, etc.**

A more extended range of selections may be chosen for this department, and those given will doubtless suggest others of a similar character to many teachers.

PART III. An Illustrative Tour.

This collection of choice verses, making a continuous journey round the Earth, will afford a valuable school exercise, or a review of the whole work.

PART IV. Longer Poems of Places.

The introduction, in longer poems, of the names of places widely separated, which are to be located as soon as named, will furnish a test of accurate and ready knowledge.

ONE VOICE.

"Who made the rocks, the hills, the trees,
The mountains and the vales;
The flocks, the herds, the cooling breeze,
The stream that never fails?

ALL.

'Twas God, our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all his praises sing!"



ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

PART ONE.

THE HILLS.

O silent hills across the lake,
Asleep in moonlight, or awake
To catch the color of the sky,
That sifts through every cloud swept by, —
How beautiful ye are!

Lucy Larcom.

I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the Summer
sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie,

2 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

While deep the sunless glens are scoop'd be-
tween,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams
unseen.

Bryant.

Here mountain on mountain exultingly throws
Through storm, mist, and snow, its bleak
crags to the sky ;
In their shadow the sweets of the valley re-
pose,
While streams, gay with verdure and sun-
shine steal by.

William Peter.

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
snow.

Byron.

A BROOK SONG.

I'm hastening from the distant hills
With swift and noisy flowing,
Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,
I'm ever onward going.

The willows cannot stay my course,
 With all their pliant wooing ;
 I sing and sing till I am hoarse,
 My prattling way pursuing.

I kiss the pebbles as I pass,
 And hear them say they love me,
 I make obeisance to the grass
 That kindly bends above me,
 So onward through the meads and dells
 I hasten, never knowing
 The secret motive that impels,
 Or whither I am going.

Eugene Field.

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

The brooklet came from the mountain,
 As sang the bard of old,
 Running with feet of silver
 Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean
 There rolled a turbulent wave,
 Now singing along the sea-beach,
 Now howling along the cave.

4 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

And the brooklet has found the billow,
 Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
 That turbulent, bitter heart.

Longfellow.

Up in a wild where no one comes to look
There lives and sings a little lonely brook ;
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

THE RIVER.

O tell me, pretty river !
 Whence do thy waters flow ?
And whither art thou roaming,
 So smoothly and so slow ?

My birthplace was the mountain,
 My nurse the April showers ;
My cradle was a fountain,
 O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

One morn I ran away,
A madcap, noisy rill;
And many a prank that day
I played adown the hill!

And then, 'mid meadowy banks,
I flirted with the flowers,
That stooped, with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave;
I hear the ocean's roar—
And there must be my grave.

Anon.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

Longfellow.



6 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

See the rivers flowing,
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free !

Yet, to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise ;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Adelaide A. Procter.

THE SEA.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

Barry Cornwall.

The current sweeps the Old World ;
The current sweeps the New :
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through.

Charles Kingsley.

THE WAVES.

Children are we
 Of the restless sea,
 Swelling in anger, or sparkling in glee ;
 We follow and race,
 In shifting chase,
 Over the boundless ocean-space !
 Who hath beheld when the race begun ?
 Who shall behold it run ?

Bayard Taylor.

THE SINGERS OF THE SEA.

Oh, many voices has the sea !
 A chorus of rare melody :
 The solemn bass the lighter tone
 Flowing in tuneful unison,
 Without a discord ; sounding high
 Above the lark that sweeps the sky,
 Or striking with tumultuous roar
 Against the frowning rocky shore.
 In quiet bays, with dreamy song
 To fragrant airs it glides along.

Josephine Pollard.

GOD AT SEA.

(From the German.)

The sea is deep, the sea is broad ;
Yet goeth forth the might of God,
Deeper than deepest plummet-sound,
And wider than earth's watery round.

So many fishes in the sea,
The Lord on all looks lovingly,
Gives all their daily food, and still
He leads them up and down at will.

How high the windy billows leap !
If He commands, how still they sleep !
Drawn by His faithful, tender hand,
Lo ! smallest ships find farthest land.

John James Piatt.

THE SKY.

The sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.



We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted up to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

R. H. Stoddard.

SUNBEAMS.

See the witching sunbeams,
With the wand they hold,
Turn the earth to emerald,
And the skies to gold.
All the streams are silver,
'Neath their magic rare,
All the black tears night has shed
Gems for kings to wear.

Eliza S. Turner.

THE MOON.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round, and low ;
You were bright ! ah bright ! but your light is
failing —
You are nothing now but a bow.

IO ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

Yon moon, have you done something wrong in
 heaven,
 That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
 And shine again in your place.

Jean Ingelow.

THE STARS.

What do the stars do
 Up in the sky,
Higher than wind can blow
 Or the clouds fly?
Each star in its own glory
 Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set
 And do its Maker's will.

Christina Rossetti.

THE WIND.

The wind has a language, I would I could
 learn!
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis
 stern,

Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats
 along,
And the forest is lull'd by the dreamy strain,
And slumber sinks down on the wandering
 main,
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Landon.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long slender spears, how they quiver
 and flash
Where the clouds send their cavalry down!
Rank and file by the million the rain lancers
 dash
Over mountain and river and town.

.

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry:
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.

12 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore
leaves,

How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep
from the eaves!

Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

LITTLE SHIPS IN THE AIR.

Flakes of snow, with sails so white,

Drifting down the wintry skies,

Tell us where your route begins,

Say which way your harbor lies?

“In the clouds, the roomy clouds,

Arching earth with shadowy dome,

There's the port from which we sail,

There is tiny snow-flakes' home.”

And the cargo that you take

From those cloudy ports above —

Is it always meant to bless,

Sent in anger or in love?



ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS. 13

“Warmth for all the tender roots,
Warmth for every living thing,
Water for the rivers’ flow,
This the cargo that we bring.”

Who’s the Master that you serve,
Bids you lift your tiny sails,
Brings you safely to the earth,
Guides you through the wintry gales?

“He who tells the birds to sing,
He who sends the April flowers,
He who ripens all the fruit,
That great Master, he is ours.”

E. A. Rand.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Longfellow.

FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered: "Now, I shall be out of sight,
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Which makes so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he went to the mountain and powdered
its crest;

He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he
drest.

With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

H. F. Gould.

THE WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast
World, you are wonderfully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth ! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;
And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say :

"You are more than the Earth, though you
are such a dot ;
You can *love* and *think*, and the Earth cannot !"

Matthew Browne.

PART TWO.

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout ;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled ;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world ;

Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tribute from the west,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say, their cone-like cabins,
 That clustered o'er the vale,
 Have fled away like withered leaves,
 Before the autumn gale :
 But their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore ;
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore,

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Mid all her young renown ;
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusset hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart ;
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar
 Doth seal the sacred trust ;
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

Mrs. Sigourney.

MAINE.

Far in the sunset's mellow glory,
 Far in the daybreak's pearly bloom,
 Fringed by Ocean's foamy surges,
 Belted in by woods of gloom,
 Stretch thy soft, luxuriant borders,
 Smile thy shores, in hill and plain,
 Flower-enamelled, ocean girdled,
 Green bright shores of Maine.

Rivers of surpassing beauty
 From thy hemlock woodlands flow, —
 Androscoggin and Penobscot,
 Saco, chilled by northern snow ;

These from many a lowly valley
Thick by pine-trees shadowed o'er,
Sparkling from their ice-cold tributes
To the surges of thy shore.

Bays resplendent as the heaven,
Starred and gemmed by thousand isles,
Gird thee, — Casco with its islets,
Quoddy with its dimpled smiles ;
O'er them swift the fisher's shallop
And tall ships their wings expand,
While the smoke-flag of the steamer
Flaunteth out its cloudy streamer,
Bound unto a foreign strand.

Isaac McLellan.

Where white Katahdin o'er the horizon shines,
And broad Penobscot dashes through the pines.

Holmes.

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred harbored Maine !

Whittier.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

God bless New Hampshire!—from her granite
 peaks

Again the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.

Whittier.

And fair are the sunny isles in view
 East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
 Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er.

Whittier.

THE GATES OF THE HUDSON.

I see the beetling Palisades,
 Whose wrinkled brows forever,
In calms and storms, in lights and shades,
 Keep watch along the river.

William O. Stoddard.

 I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;

Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And Autumn's rainbow-tinted banner,
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna.

Whittier.

PHILADELPHIA.

In that delightful land which is washed by the
Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn
the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
city he founded.
There all the air is balm and the peach is the
emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the
trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.

Longfellow.

THE SOUTH.

Fall, thickly fall, thou winter snow !
And keenly blow, thou winter wind !
Only the barren North is yours,
The South delights a Summer mind ;
So fall and blow,
Both wind and snow,
My Fancy to the South doth go.

Half-way between the frozen zones,
Where Winter reigns in solemn mirth,
The Summer binds a golden belt
About the middle of the Earth.
The sky is soft, and blue, and bright,
With purple dyes at morn and night ;

And bright and blue the seas which lie
In perfect rest, and glass the sky.

.

The spicy woods are full of birds,
And golden fruits and crimson flowers ;
With wreathèd vines on every bough,
That shed their grapes in purple showers.

The emerald meadows roll their waves,
And bask in soft and mellow light ;
The vales are full of silver mist,
And all the folded hills are bright.

R. H. Stoddard.

TO THE WEST.

Land of the west ! beneath the Heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime ;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime.
From Alleghany's base, to where
Our western Andes prop the sky —
The home of Freedom's hearts is there,
And o'er it Freedom's eagles fly.

W. D. Gallagher.

THE PICTURED ROCKS.

A scene
Rose lovelier than in dreams hath been,
Where many a mile, from wave to skies,
Sublime the Pictured Rocks arise,

24 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

And gain from years of sun and storms
But added glories, brighter forms.
While on their surface, smooth or rent,
In thousand shapes were brightly blent
The thousand hues of earth and air,
Through varied pictures, rich and rare,
Structure and landscape, flame and smoke
As painted by the pencil's stroke,
And forms which Fancy draws at will
With all her fair, capricious skill.

MINNESOTA.

(The Water Shed.)

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they
fall,
In rushing river-tides !

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling towards the sun
Through the cleft mountain ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

Holmes.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

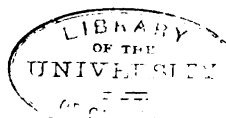
Come forth to sunlight and the air,
To hear the birds their warblings make,
By lone Itaska's lovely lake,
Whence, bosomed in the woody earth,
The Father of Waters hath his birth.

. where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags them
down to the ocean.

Longfellow.

A RIVER IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

Darkly thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave!
The laughing sunshine hath not look'd
Into thy secret cave.



Thy current makes no music —
A hollow sound we hear;
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

COLORADO CAÑON.

Down in a cañon so cleft asunder
By sabre-stroke in the young world's prime,
It looks as if broken by bolts of thunder,
Riven and driven by turbulent time.

Joaquin Miller.

MEXICO.

(From "A White Umbrella in Mexico.")

It was more than enough to revel in an Italian sun lighting up a semi-tropical land ; to look up to white-capped peaks towering into the blue ; to look down upon wind-swept plains encircled by ragged chains of mountains ; to catch the sparkle of miniature cities jeweled here and there in oases of olive and orange ; and to realize that to-day, in its varied scenery, costumes, architecture, street life, canals crowded with flower-laden

boats, market plazas thronged with gayly dressed natives, faded church interiors, and abandoned convents, Mexico is the most marvellously picturesque country under the sun. A tropical Venice! a semi-barbarous Spain! a new Holy Land.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

GULF STREAM.

Great Gulf! Thy mighty waters be
A marvel and a mystery
From eldest time; whose billows, tost
A thousand miles from coast to coast,
Forth from thy bosom, send a tide,
A thousand leagues the waves to ride.

ICEBERGS.

Parting their arctic anchors,
The bergs came drifting by,
A fearful fleet for a ship to meet
Under the midnight sky;

Their keels are fathoms under,
 Their prows are sharp as steel,
' Their stroke, the crash of thunder, —
 All silently on they steal.

McGee.

SEAWEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
 Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
 Silver flashing
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
On the desolate rainy seas.

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

Longfellow.

BERMUDAS.

For the kind Spring (which but salutes us
 here)
Inhabits these, and courts them all the year :
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees
 live ;
At once they promise and at once they give.

Waller.

30 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In Ocean's bosom unespied.

A. Marvel.

THE NORTHERN SEAS.

Up ! up ! let us a voyage take ;
Why sit we here at ease ?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendors fly,
Like living things, with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow ;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall ;

And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground ;
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the Northern fowl.

And there in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

William Howitt.

**BIDDING THE SUN "GOOD-NIGHT" IN
LAPLAND.**

Come little daughters, hasten,
 Ye should be bravely dight!
Make ready, boys! for we go forth
 To bid the sun good-night.

Four months with steady shining
 He's made the whole earth fair,
And myriad blossoms greeted him,
 And bird-songs filled the air.

But now October waneth,
 His setting draweth near;
We shall not see his face again
 For more than half a year.

From many a neighboring village,
 From many a humble home,
To climb the rocky summit
 The thronging people come.

The sun hangs low in heaven;
He throws his slanting rays
Across their loving faces, turned
To meet his parting gaze.

And now he's gone! The darkness
Is setting like a pall.
A long low dirge of sad farewell
Breaks from the lips of all.

In mournful cadence chanting
The requiem of the sun,
The dear, bright day departed now,
The long, long night begun.

And yet with cheerful patience
They take their homeward way,
The elders talking how the time
May best be whiled away.

Joy Allison.

ICELAND.

Land of volcano and of fire,
Of icy mountains, deserts hoar,
Of roaring floods, and earthquakes dire,
And legendary lore !

.

The polar billows round thee foam
O Iceland ! long the Norseman's home.

SCOTLAND.

Land of the green wood by the silver rill,
The heather and the daisy of the hill,
The guardian thistle to the foeman stern,
The wild rose, hawthorn, and the lady-fern ;

Land of the lark, that like a seraph sings,
Beyond the rainbow, upon quivering wings ;
Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,
Of sheltered valleys and of stormy capes ;



ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS. 35

Of the bright garden and the tangled brake,
Of the dark mountain and the sun-lit lake ;
Land of my birth, and of my father's grave,
The eagle's home, the eyrie of the brave.

James Gray.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.
Farewell to the mountains high covered with
snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valley below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.

Robert Burns.

ENGLAND.

Green fields of England ! whereso'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear
Green fields of England everywhere.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

THE THAMES.

Then commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded
street

With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
Chose for his grand resort.

James Thomson.

The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea, —

HOLLAND.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Imbosomed in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Goldsmith.

A land that rides at anchor and is moored,
In which they do not live but go aboard.

Samuel Butler.

RUSSIA.

Her head in arctic winters, she looks round,
Westward and eastward from the wild White
Cape,
Across Siberian wastes to Behring Strait.

TO MOSCOW.

Across the steppe we journeyed,
The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
Broad as the billowy main,

When lo ! a sudden splendor
 Came shimmering through the air,
 As if the clouds should melt and leave
 The heights of heaven bare, —
 A maze of rainbow domes and spires
 Full glorious on the sky,
 With wafted chimes from many a tower
 As the south-wind went by,
 And a thousand crosses lightly hung
 That shone like morning stars, —
 'T was the Kremlin wall ! 't was Moscow, —
 The jewel of the Czars !

Edna Dean Proctor.

NORWAY.

Winter has its icy crown
 Pressed round Norway's temples hoary ;
 Midnight's sun has showered down
 On her head its glory.

Time's swift waves their power broke
 'Gainst her ancient rocks and boulders ;
 And the sea its misty cloak
 Flung around her shoulders.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE RHINE.

How many spacious countries does the Rhine,
In winding banks, and mazes serpentine,
Traverse, before he splits on Belgia's plain,
And, lost in sand, creeps to the German main?

Sir Richard Blackmore.

"It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards lav-
ing;
I see the bright flood shine,
Sing on the march, with every banner wav-
ing —
Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine!"

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests! — at the appointed
hour

Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
 With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
 To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
 Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
 And now thou movest in triumphal march,
 A king among the rivers! On thy way
 A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
 Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
 Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
 And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

Longfellow

SWITZERLAND.

(Selection from the "Guests of the Nation.")

But who is she comes with her, with such a
 mountain air
 And singing on her way,
 A simple spray of edelweiss in her abundant
 hair,
 A cold light in her bright, blue eyes, like
 that of winter day,
 Steady but sparkling like her lakes which
 Heaven stoops down to see,
 And sees itself so clearer? Who may the maiden
 be?

No maiden, but a matron, mother of sturdy men,
Whose lion spirits Nature with independence
fills
Walled in with kingdoms, empires, and the
everlasting hills.

R. H. Stoddard.

SWISS SONG.

I love St. Gothard's head of snows,
That shoots into the sky,
Where, yet unform'd, in grim repose
Ten thousand avalanches lie.

I love Lucerne's transparent lake,
And Jura's hills of pride,
Whence infant rivers, gushing, break
With small and scanty tide.

And thou, Mont Blanc ! thou mighty pile
Of crags and ice and snow ;
The Gallic foes in wonder smile
That we should love thee so !

Tennyson.

JUNGFRAU.

A wild of waters lies between
Me and a picture I have seen.
It was amid the icy flow
Of rivers from the Alpine snow, —

An upland field of verdant ground,
Where the far echoes round and round
Of Alpine horns rang musical,
Swelled by the roaring waterfall.

.

There late and weary of the way —
Ne'er will my heart forget the day ;
The mist ran low, and islanded
On high, I saw the Jungfrau's head.

There standing, all at once a sound
Came to me from the deep profound
That left the noise of waterfalls
From inaccessible high walls.

It was an avalanche unseen,
That, issuing two high crags between,
Flowed thundering down the mountain steep
Into a chasm wide and deep.

J. H. Morse.

The clouds are on the Oberland,
The Jungfrau snows look faint and far;
But bright are those green fields at hand,
And through those fields comes down the Aar.

Matthew Arnold.

THE ALPS.

Peaks after peaks in marvellous glory rise,
With crests of snow against the deep blue skies;
All silent stand, save when the storm awakes,
And down their flanks the thundering avalanche breaks;
All silent stand; the guardians of the scene,
In voiceless might, in majesty serene.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

(From the German)

A herd-boy on the mountain's brow,
I see the castles all below;
The sunbeam here is earliest cast,
And by my side it lingers last—
 I am the boy of the mountain!

The mother-house of streams is here—
I drink them in their cradles clear;
From out the rock they foam below,
I spring to catch them as they go!
 I am the boy of the mountain!

Below me clouds and thunders move;
I stand amid the blue above.
I shout to them with fearless breast:
“Go leave my father's house in rest!”
 I am the boy of the mountain!

Bayard Taylor.

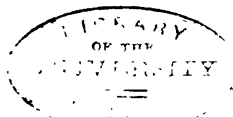
 Far along
From peak to peak the rattling crags among

Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

Byron.

SONG OF THE ALPS.

I sit aloft on my thunder throne,
And my voice of dread the nations own
As I speak in storm below!
The valleys quake with a breathless fear,
When I hurl in wrath my icy spear
And shake my locks of snow!
When the avalanche forth like a tiger leaps
How the vassal mountains quiver!
And the storm that sweeps through the airy
deeps
Makes the hoary pine-wood shiver!
Above them all, in a brighter air,
I lift my forehead proud and bare.
The winds imprisoned around me blow,
And terrible tempests whirl the snow;
Rocks from their caverned beds are torn,
And the blasted forest to heaven is borne;



High through the din of the stormy band,
 Like misty giants the mountains stand.
 And their thunder-revel o'er sounds the woe,
 That cries from the desolate vales below !
 I part the clouds with my lifted crown,
 Till the sun-ray slants on the glaciers down,
 And trembling men, in the valleys pale,
 Rejoice at the gleam of my icy mail !

Bayard Taylor.

We've sailed through banks of green,
 Where the wild waves fret and quiver ;
 And we've down the Danube been —
 The dark, deep, thundering river !
 We've thriddled the Elbe and Rhone,
 The Tiber and blood-dyed Seine,
 And we've been where the blue Garonne
 Goes laughing to meet the main !

Barry Cornwall.

ITALY.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's moun-
 tains,
 Across the charmed bay

Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver
fountains
Perpetual holiday.

Whittier.

DRIFTING.

My soul to day
Is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

.
Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,

Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snow ;
This happier one
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

.

T. B. Read.

VENICE.

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon,

White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shift-
ing
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky ;

Longfellow.



GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung, —
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

Byron.

Far in the east
The Ægean twinkles, and its thousand isles
hover in mist.

J. G. Percival.

Lands, intersected by a narrow firth,
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, which had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

Cowper.

AFRICA.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon

From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse
 With stately heads among the forest boughs,
 To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
 With torrid fire beneath eternal snow ;
 From Nubian hills, that see the dawning day,
 To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away ;
 Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown ;
 Bask in the splendor of the solar zone, —
 A world of wonders, where creation seems
 No more the work of Nature, but her dreams.

James Montgomery.

SYRIA.

Now upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

.

And then, the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;—
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales!

Moore.

EGYPT.

Still through Egypt's desert places
 Flows the lordly Nile,
 From its banks the great stone faces
 Gaze with patient smile;

Still the pyramids imperious
 Pierce the cloudless skies,
 And the sphinx stares with mysterious,
 Solemn, stony eyes.

Longfellow.

The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
 When nearer seen, and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

Longfellow.

ARABIA.

O'er Arabia's desert sands
The patient camel walks,
'Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell hyena stalks.
On her cool and shady hills
Coffee-shrubs and tam'rinds grow,
Headlong fall the welcome rills
Down the fruitless dells below.

The fragrant myrrh and healing balm
Perfume the passing gale;
Thick hung with dates the spreading palm
Tow'rs o'er the peopled vale.
Locusts oft, a living cloud,
Hover in the darkened air,
Like a torrent dashing loud,
Bringing famine and despair.

Aikin.

Faint and athirst in arid wastes astray,
Wandered an Arab, parted from his band,

Who reached an herbless spot at close of day,
Where cooling moisture rose amid the sand.
Though weak and weary, to his armpits deep
The pilgrim scooped the sand that wetter grew;
Then, hopeful, laid him down to rest and sleep,
And round his aching limbs his mantle drew.

At early morn, with trembling form he rose,
And lo! the basin he at twilight made
Mirrored the sun! and strengthened by repose
He quaffed the fountain, and his thirst allayed.

"Allah be praised!" he cried, with bounding heart

And from his scanty store of dates he ate;
Both man and beast, with strength renewed,
depart,

And reach their tribe where shifting sands
abate.

George Bancroft Griffith.

AUSTRALIA.

There is a land where Summer skies
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes,

.Blending in witching harmonies ;
And grassy knoll and forest height
Are flushing in the rosy light,
And all above is azure bright, —
 Australia !

THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,
On the Indian sea by the Isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails.

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

The master he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft.

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands.

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine, —
House, and raiment, and food, and wine.

.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
 On the Indian sea, by the Isles of balm;
 "Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

Whittier.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with the falling dew;
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty-snow;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air;
 There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS. 57

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;
 There with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
 And life in rare and beautiful forms
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the waves his own.

J. G. Percival.

BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

(Selected.)

Builders of the mighty wall,
 Bid your mountain barriers fall!
 So may the girdle of the sun
 Bind the East and West in one,
 Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan
 The snowy peaks of Ta Siene Shan—
 Till Erie blends its waters blue
 With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu,—
 Till deep Missouri lends its flow
 To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho!

Holmes.

CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;

What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Addison.

PART THREE.

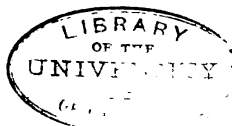
ILLUSTRATIVE TOUR.

TO THE TEACHER:

We would suggest that the following selections be carefully learned, each in its place, as the study of countries progresses.

As arranged, they are designed to afford the pupils an enjoyable and profitable review. They may also suggest to the teacher a method of combining and adapting other selections to the study of geography. Of course, a globe or map of the world is indispensable.

Believing that the true study of any branch will awaken an interest in the pursuit of knowledge, we would advise that some members of the class be directed to furnish a few interesting facts concerning the most noted authors. This part of the exercise, however, should not be so introduced as to break the continuity of the whole tour.



First Pupil :

Shall we in imagination, through the eyes of poets,
catch glimpses of foreign lands?

While fancy, like the fingers of a clock,
Runs the great circuit and is still at home.

Cowper.

Second Pupil :

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand,
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

Longfellow.

Third Pupil :

Leaving some eastern port of the United States, we
may embark in "The Steamship" of Holmes's fancy:

See how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves.

Fourth Pupil :

Or we may be borne across the wild Atlantic with
Southey, —

She comes, majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant bark !

Now floating at their length the streamers play
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.

Fifth Pupil :

Sail on, ye stately ships,
And with your floating bridge, the ocean span ;
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !

Longfellow.

Sixth Pupil :

Where lies the land to which the ship would
go ?

Arthur Hugh Clough.

Seventh Pupil :

All hail, thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil !
O stretch thy mighty hand
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !

Washington Allston.

Eighth Pupil:

In Liverpool, the good old town, we miss
The grand old relics of a reverend past —
Cathedrals, shrines, that pilgrims come to kiss.

Robert Leighton.

Ninth Pupil:

And now we hasten to the Lake Region of the North
and look down upon

THE ROTHAM RIVER.

Lovelier river there is none
Underneath an English sun;
From its source it issues bright
Upon hoar Helvellyn's height,
Flowing where its Summer voice
Makes the mountain herds rejoice.

Southey.

Tenth Pupil:

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Hel-
vellyn,
Lakes and mountains gleamed misty and wide;

.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn
was bending,
And Catchedecam its left verge was defending.
Scott.

Eleventh Pupil:

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood!
Scott.

Twelfth Pupil:

One burnished sheet of living gold
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled.
High on the south, huge Ben-Venue
Down on the lake, in masses, threw
Crag, knolls and mounds—
While on the north through middle air,
Ben-An heaved high his forehead bare.
Scott.

Thirteenth Pupil:

Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale
And Cheviot's mountains blue.
Pringle.

Fourteenth Pupil :

The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stand !
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

Mrs. Hemans.

Fifteenth Pupil :

It is a goodly sight through the clear air
From Hampstead's heathy height to see at once
England's vast capital in fair expanse —
Towers, belfries, lengthened streets —
Saint Paul's high dome, amid the vassal band
Of neighboring spires, a regal chieftain stands ;
And over hills of ridgy roofs, appear
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
The towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride.

Joanna Baillie.

Sixteenth Pupil :

Next comes those neighbors twain,
Fair, fickle, courtly France, and sombre Spain.

R. H. Stoddard.

Seventeenth Pupil:

I love that deep dark river,
The swiftly flowing Rhine;
I love it for its legends,
I love it for its wine.

I love it for its forests
Of firs and silver pines,
Its mountains crowned with ruins,
Its richly laden vines.

George Browning.

Eighteenth Pupil:

Bayard Taylor relates, in his famous book, "Views Afoot," that the streets of Cologne are very dirty. The fact is also well expressed in rhyme, —

The River Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?

Coleridge.

Nineteenth Pupil :

Let us hasten on to Switzerland and view majestic
mountains, rushing rivers, and fair lakes.

Girt round with rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies,
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Twentieth Pupil :

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed ;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.

ALL.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Twenty-first Pupil :

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow ;
There the bold chamois go ;
On giddy crags they stand
And drink from his own hand.

ALL.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Translated from the German by C. T. Brooks.



ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS. 67

Twenty-second Pupil :

Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

Byron.

Twenty-third Pupil :

Leaving the land of the Alps we journey through Italy,
and our first thought is of Rome, —

She sits among the eternal hills,
Their crown thrice glorious and dear,
Her voice is as a thousand tongues
Of silver fountains, gurgling clear ;
She rules the age by Beauty's power,
As once she ruled by armèd might.
Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
The vision of her distant dome,
And a strange spasm wrings his heart
As the guide whispers, "There is Rome !"

Twenty-fourth Pupil :

There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
 Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
 Invisible : and from the land we went
 As to a floating city, steering in
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
 So smoothly, silently.

Samuel Rogers.

Twenty-fifth Pupil .

GREECE.

Land of bards and heroes, hail !
 Land of gods and god-like men.
 Thine were hearts that could not quail, —
 Earth was glorious then ;
 Thine were souls that dared be free ;
 Power, and fame, and liberty.

J. G. Percival.

Twenty-sixth Pupil :

Hail Egypt ! land of ancient pomp and pride,
 Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side ;
 Where Plenty reigns, and still the seasons smile,
 And rolls — rich gift of God ! — exhaustless Nile.
 Land of the pyramid and temple lone !

Nicholas Michell.

Twenty-seventh Pupil :

Mysterious flood — that through the silent sands
Hast wandered century on century,
Watering the length of green Egyptian lands,
Which were not but for thee, —

.

Thou givest blessings as a god might give,
Whose being is his bounty : from the slime
Shaken from off thy skirts the nations live,
Through all the years of Time.

Bayard Taylor.

Twenty-eighth Pupil :

Ye zones so strange and wondrous !

.

Thy forests dark, and deserts
Are present to my view ;
Thy feathery palms are mirrored
In lakes of deepest blue ;
The wild beasts' roar is sounding
From cleft and cavern black,
With heavy bales and costly
The Arab loads his camel's back.

Twenty-ninth Pupil :

There, too, the curly negro
Gold dust in rivers seeks,
And there Mount Atlas gravely
Rears heaven-supporting peaks.

A Translation.

Thirtieth Pupil :

All around
To the bound
Of the vast horizon's round
All sand, sand, sand.
On my camel's hump I ride,
As he sways from side to side
With an awkward step of pride,
And his shaggy head uplifted, and his eye
so long and bland,
Not a sound
All around,
Save the padded beat and bound
Of the feet of the camel on the sand,
O'er the yellow thirsty desert, so desolately
grand.

W. W. Story.

Thirty-first Pupil :

Dim longings draw me on and point my path
To Eastern sands, to Shem's deserted shore,
The cradle of the world.

Alphonse de Lamartine.

Thirty-second Pupil :

See how from far upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet.

.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

Milton.

Thirty-third Pupil :

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light.

Campbell.

Thirty-fourth Pupil :

Persia ! time-honored land ! who looks on thee,
A desert yet a Paradise will see ;

Vast chains of hills where not a shrub appears,
Wastes where no dews distil their diamond-tears.

.

Anon

Pomegranates hang their rich fruit in the sun ;
Grapes turn to purple many a rock's tall brow,
And globes of gold adorn the citron's bough.

Nicholas Michell.

Thirty-fifth Pupil :

Vast are the shores of India's wealthful soil ;
Here down the wastes of Taurus rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named ;

.

Between these streams fair smiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domain display,
And many a league far to the south they bend
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose,
In conic form the Indian regions close.

Thirty-sixth Pupil :

What shall we call
This Curious One who builded a great wall,

That rivers crossing, skirting mountain steeps,
Did not keep out but let in the invader?
With twinkling almond eyes and little feet,
She tottered hither from her fields of flowers,
From where Pekin uplifts its pictured towers,
And from the markets where her merchants
meet,
And barter with the world. . . .

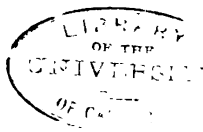
R. H. Stoddard.

Thirty-seventh Pupil:

Cradled and rocked in the Eastern seas
The Islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie ; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane,
Through the clear realms of azure drift ;
And on the hillsides I can see
The villages of Imari.

Thirty-eighth Pupil:

All the bright flowers that fill the land,
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusi-yama's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly sown



With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,
Are painted on these lovely jars ;

.

The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Longfellow.

Thirty-ninth Pupil :

To complete the circuit of the world, we leave Japan
and launch upon the broad Pacific.

The sunset sea ! the noblest and the broadest
Of all the oceans girdling wave-washed earth ;
The calmest, gentlest, yet at times the mad-
dest.

In raving paroxysms of stormy mirth.

Henry Morford.

Fortieth Pupil :

The long journey across the broad Pacific is made
bright by

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas alone
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,

Oh, they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn, a sail to meet.

Sparkling on deck is every eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear;
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" what cheer? what
cheer?

Then sails are backed, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends at home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

Moore.

Forty-first Pupil:

And now, at last, as we enter the "Golden Gate," our
hearts are thrilled, and our lips pour forth the patriot's
boast—

We know thee still when all is said,
The best and dearest spot on earth.

Whittier.

Forty-second Pupil:

CALIFORNIA.

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose;

76 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

Or pourest the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in
gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where through cañons deep thy streams
are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

Bayard Taylor.

Forty-third Pupil :

Afar the bright Sierras lie
A swaying line of snowy white,
A fringe of heaven hung in sight
Against the blue base of the sky.

Joaquin Miller.

Forty-fourth Pupil :

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Beneath the rocky peak that hides
In clouds its snow-flecked crest,
Within these crimson crags, abides
An Orient in the West.

Here the New West its wealth unlocks
And tears the veil aside,
Which hides the mystic glades and rocks
The Red Man deified.

With torrents wild and tempests blast,
And fierce volcanic fires,
In secret moulds has Nature cast
Her monoliths and spires.

Forty-fifth Pupil :

THE PRAIRIES.

The skies are blue above my head,
The prairie green below,
And flickering o'er the tufted grass
The shifting shadows go.

Far in the east like low hung clouds
The waving woodlands lie ;
Far in the west the glowing plain
Melts warmly in the sky.

John Hay.

78 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

Forty-sixth Pupil:

Here the Father Mississippi half a hundred
fathoms deep ;

In his plash a hundred rivers still their fretful
murmurs keep,

In his mighty bosom nestling, twice a thousand
brooklets sleep ;

Gathered here the countless waters, half of all
a continent,

Seething like a serpent writhing, — all an
awful volume blent.

Forty-seventh Pupil:

MAMMOTH CAVE.

God's hand,
At the creation, hollowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herb nor
flower

Ere sprang amid the sands, nor dews nor
rains,

Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening
power,

Nor gentle breeze its Eden message told
Amid the dreadful gloom.

George D. Prentice.

Forty-eighth Pupil :

BLUE RIDGE, VA.

Here let us pause by the lone eagle's nest,
And breathe the golden sunlight and sweet
air,
Which gird and gladden all this region fair,
With a perpetual benison of rest ;

.

Say hast thou ever gazed on aught more fair
In Europe or the Orient ?

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Forty-ninth Pupil :

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

Wild, endless chain ! that rising in the North,
Where stout St. Lawrence heaves his waters
forth,
Pursues its devious course, firm bas'd and
high,
Dark barrier of the East and Western sky,
And knits the sister states in one great band.

80 ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE POETS.

Fiftieth Pupil :

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in the glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead ; and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally. .

Lydia H. Sigourney.

Fifty-first Pupil :

NEW ENGLAND.

Borne on Imagination's buoyant wings
Again I view thy groves, thy hills, thy springs ;
Thy coy, reluctant, but relenting soil,
Woo'd and subdued by persevering toil—
Thy various coast ; where frowns the rocky
shore,
Where the rude breakers beat with ceaseless
roar.

Washington Irving.

Fifty-second Pupil :

Upon our loftiest White Mountain peak,
 Filled with the freshness of untainted air.
 We sat, nor cared to listen or to speak
 To one another, for the silence there
 Was eloquent with God's presence.

Blown

Apart before us, a dissolving wreath
 Of cloud framed in a picture on the air ;
 The fair long Saco Valley, whence we came ;
 The hills and lakes of Ossipee ; and there
 Glimmers the sea ! Some pleasant well-
 known name
 With every break to memory hastens back ;
 Monadnock, — Winnipесаaukee, — Merrimack.

Lucy Larcom.

Fifty-third Pupil :

O land of lands ! to thee we give
 Our prayers, our hopes, our service free ;
 For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
 And at thy need shall die for thee !

Whittier.

At the close, have the pupils sing AMERICA.

PART FOUR.

There are many longer poems of great value in the study of geography, but which the pupils cannot be expected to commit to memory.

An interesting review exercise can be made by reading some one of these longer poems, introducing the names of many and distant places which the pupils may be requested to locate immediately, — adding any important facts that may be known regarding them.

Selections for work of this character can be found in the poems comprised in the following list. This list is intended to be suggestive only, and every teacher can add to it the titles of many favorite poems, — especially local poems, which, oftentimes, can be made serviceable in the work on local geography. The few selections following the list will afford a clearer idea of the value and wide scope of this exercise.

"The Discoverer of the North Cape," "Evangeline," *Riverside Literature Series* (Longfellow); "A Voyage Round the World" (James Montgomery); "Childe Harold" (Byron); "On Lynn Terrace" (Thomas Bailey Aldrich); "The Leak in the Dyke" (Phœbe Cary); "Kèramos" (Longfellow); "The Sparrow," "The Kaiserblumen" (Celia Thaxter).

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection
And recollection,

I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee, —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.

Oh, the bells of Shandon

Sound far more grand, on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;

Where, on tower and kiosk — O —

In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,

And loud in air

Calls men to prayer,

From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom

I freely grant them ;

But there's an anthem more dear to me :

'Tis the bells of Shandon,

That sound so grand, on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Francis Mahoney.

THE GATE OF TEARS.

(Selected.)

We cruised among the Cyclades,

And visited the Cingalese,

And lingered at the Isle of Man.
 We crossed the Himalayan slopes,
 And climbed the Mountains of the Moon;
 We trod Peruvian bridge of ropes,
 And lowland dyke and Danish dune;
 We sailed the great Australian Bight,
 We basked awhile on tropic shores,
 We pulled the daring whaler's oars,
 And lost ourselves in Arctic night.
 On Orinoco's tangled banks
 The chattering monkeys mocked our quest,
 And in the red man's straggling ranks
 We thrid the rivers of the West;
 We followed up the Niger's course
 And all the Dnieper's muddy miles,
 And where Ontario's waters force
 St. Lawrence through his Thousand Isles.

Rossiter Johnson.

THE STARTING SHIPS.

Yon ships now rocking in the bay,
 Their pennons to the breeze unfurled,

Ere long will cleave their trackless way,
 Across the wide and watery world.
Some for Golconda's golden strand,
 And Indus' shore their course will urge;
And some for Ceylon's spicy land,
 Will breast the billows' boiling surge;
While some, their snowy sails will rest,
Where the proud Moslem rears his crest!

Some for far Lapland's wintry plains,
 Will brave the iceberg-mountains hoar;
Some where eternal Summer reigns,
 Will touch the far East's glowing shore,
While from Italia's myrtle bowers,
Some will bring music's witching powers.

Some from the golden orange groves,
 Of Tagus' banks their barks will fill;
Others, the perfume beauty loves,
 Which fair Arabia's gums distil
Will bring, to give our colder clime,
The fragrance that ne'er stales by time.

M. C. Wilson.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

(From the Swedish.)

When the sun fiercely glows on the Nile's
sandy shore,
And the shade of the palm-trees protects us no
more,
One feeling unites us, and hurries us forth,
To the land of our fathers, the North, to the
North!

But when o'er the mountains the Son of the
Storm,
Shaking snow from his pinions, displays his
dark form,
When the rowan tree's red, the hare white as
snow,
Then away to the South, to the South let us
go.

THE SWALLOW.

Swallow! that on rapid wing
Sweep'st along in sportive ring, —
Could I skim away with thee
Over land and over sea,

What streams would flow, what cities rise,
What landscapes dance before mine eyes !
First from England's southern shore
'Cross the channel we would soar,
And our venturous course advance
To the lively plains of France ;
Sport among the feathered choir
On the verdant banks of Loire,
Skim Garonne's majestic tide,
Where Bordeaux adorns his side ;
Cross the towering Pyrenees,
'Mid orange groves and myrtle-trees ;
Entering then the wild domain
Where wolves prowl round the flocks of Spain,
Where silk-worms spin, and olives grow,
And mules plod surely on and slow.
Steering then for many a day
Far to south our course away,
From Gibraltar's rocky steep,
Dashing o'er the foaming deep,
On sultry Afric's fruitful shore
We'd rest at length our journey o'er.

Aikin.

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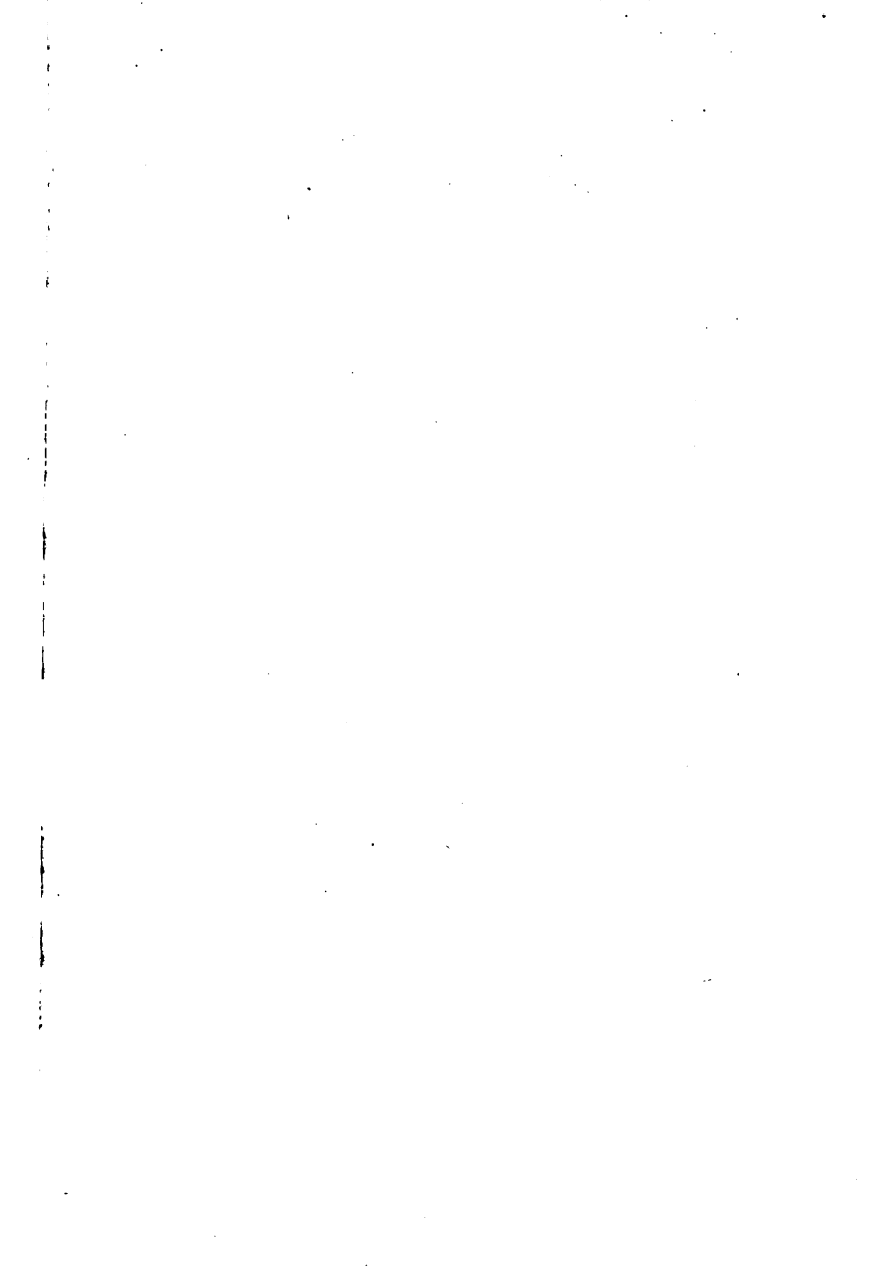
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